

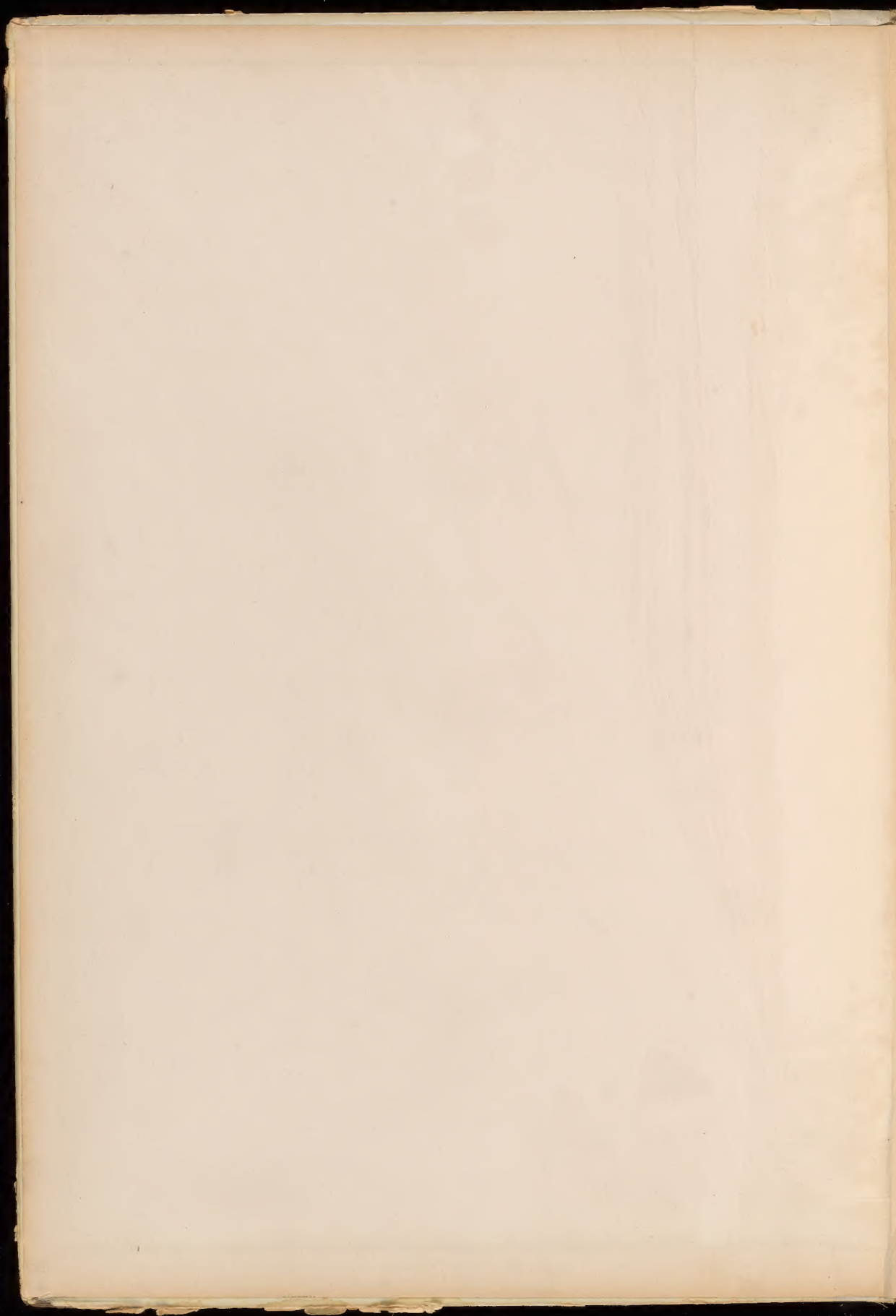
# DONE IN THE OPEN

*Drawings by*

FREDERICK  
REMINGTON



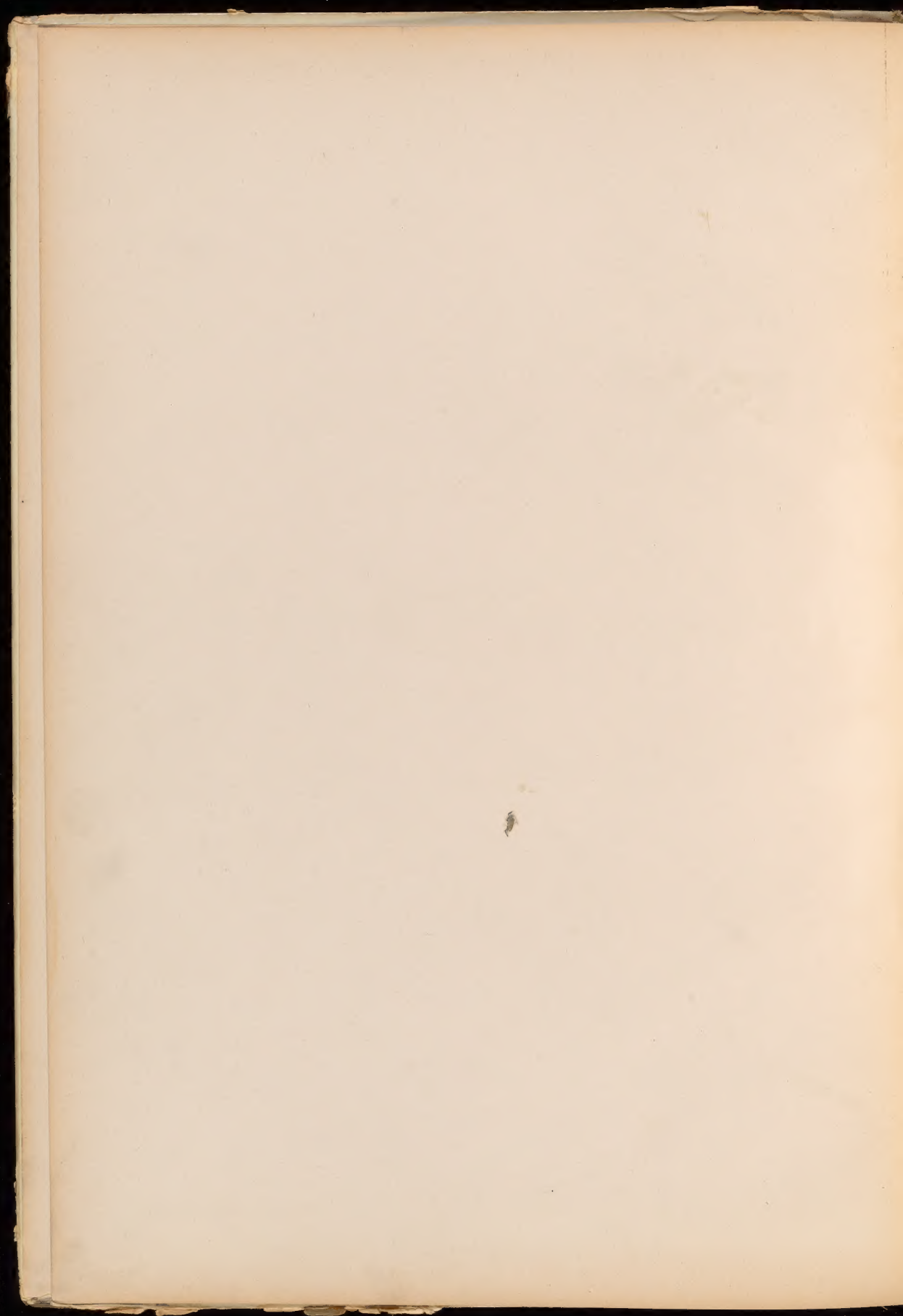
Frederick Remington  
1891





1st edition  
1st 1770  
on the  
standard  
points.

first cover  
several  
battered;  
some internal  
wear  
and collapsing  
at joints





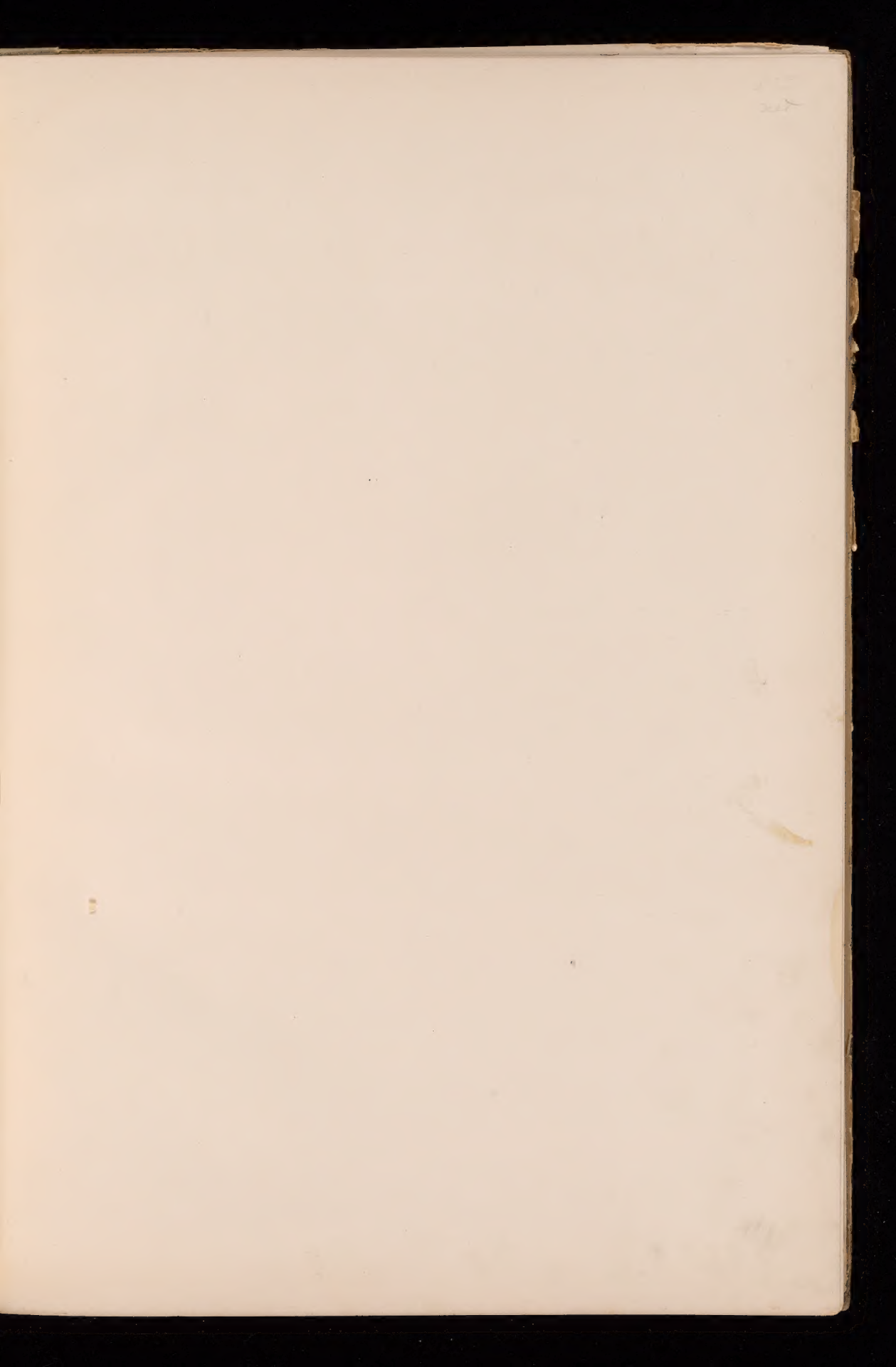


*Copyright 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902*

By P. F. COLLIER & SON

*Copyright 1900, 1901, 1902*

By ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL







### IF SKULLS COULD SPEAK

Peace, peace, peace! and come, my brother, and lie  
Close to me with thy dumb white bones—close, brother, you and I.  
Oh brother, oh twin of mine, our hearts were live and strong;  
Our heads, our dumb dull heads, it was that brought us to this wrong.  
Peace, brother brainless, peace and cease! for you and I have known  
A sweeter world than ever they'll find in this land they call their own.



# DONE IN THE OPEN

DRAWINGS BY  
FREDERIC REMINGTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
AND VERSES BY  
OWEN WISTER



NEW YORK  
P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS  
MCMII



## INTRODUCTION

IF ANY ONE asked you to tell them what George Washington looked like, you would be able to do so very readily if you have any powers of description; for you have had a great many opportunities to see pictures of George Washington, to say nothing of the likeness that every day must bring you on our postage stamps. And if you are interested in the portraits of historical personages generally, and not alone in the portraits of distinguished Americans, you have also a fair idea of what Charles the First looked like. Perhaps you recognize the countenance of Oliver Cromwell when you see it. The face of William Penn is entirely familiar, at any rate to those of us who inhabit Pennsylvania. And going further back, perhaps there lingers in your mind some memory of the face of Columbus. Of all these great people that I have mentioned, fairly authentic portraits have been painted, sometimes by very great painters; and we may not unreasonably assume that by this means there has been handed down to us, from decade to decade and from century to century, a series of likenesses which would have been recognized and approved by their contemporaries. I will not for the present go further back than Columbus. That is far enough to bring out the point at which I aim.

You know, as I have said, the face of George Washington; but do you know the look and bearing of the private soldier whom he led to battle? Have you in your mind an instantaneous picture of the Continental troops, say at Valley Forge? Could you tell how a sergeant looked as distinguished from a private? Have the painters or draughtsmen of our Revolutionary days gone into this subject with sufficient attention and vividness to tell you as much about George Washington's troops as they have told you about George Washington? I do not think that they have. It may merely be that I have met no works of art in which the personality of the enlisted man and the non-commissioned officer has been sufficiently expressed to remain in my memory. But I am more inclined to think that there are no such works of art. We have a general idea of the Continental uniform, and that seems about all.

How very different an impression of our American soldiers of to-day has the work of Frederic Remington given us! How well we all know the look of Remington's sergeant, the look of Remington's private! How our eye has been educated by Remington to perceive and note the differences between the trooper and the infantry soldier! For Remington with his piercing and yet imaginative eye has taken the likeness of the modern American soldier and stamped it upon our minds with a blow as clean-cut as is the impression of the American Eagle upon our coins in the Mint. Like the Mint, he has made these soldiers of ours universal currency, a precious and historic possession.

In the generations that follow our own, they too will inquire, perhaps, "What did the Continental soldier look like?"—and will never know. And then as they pass down the years, and come to Remington, they will honor and praise him even more than we do now for the imperishable historic work that he has done and is doing. As the historian Green wrote what he called a history of the English *people*, so Remington is drawing his contemporary history of the most picturesque of the American *people*.

Our Generals will sit for their portraits as Washington and William Penn sat for theirs; but never until this particular day have we possessed a recorder who should give also to posterity the enlisted man to be put alongside with the captain that led him into battle. How much more rich the past would be for us if various Remingtons, each in his day, had handed





such work down into our sight! We should then know not only the face of William Penn, but the faces also of those Indians who stood and made treaty with him. We should not only know how Oliver Cromwell looked, but we should have a clear conception of that stern expression which the Puritan battalions wore. We should not only recognize Columbus as we walk through some gallery or turn the leaves of some album of engravings, but we should also know what look of daring, not unmixed with superstitious awe, was on the faces of the men who sailed the ships at his command from the old world to the new. But none of this we can ever know. Our heritage in portraiture includes the leaders of men; it does not include the men themselves. No artist until Remington has undertaken to draw so clearly the history of the people.

Is it necessary to mention the other things that Remington stands for? This is surely enough; but he stands for certain other things, both great and definite. He has pictured the red man as no one else, to my thinking certainly, has pictured him. He has told his tragedy completely. He has made us see at every stage this inferior race which our conquering race has dispossessed, beginning with its primeval grandeur, and ending with its squalid degeneration under the influence of our civilized manners.

Next, while recording the red man in this way, Remington has recorded the white man who encountered him—recorded this man also in every stage from dignity to sordid squalor. Pioneers, trappers, cowboys, miners, prospectors, gamblers, bandits—the whose motley rout goes ineffaceably into Remington's pages.

And, finally, he has not forgotten nature herself. The mystery of the untouched plains and the awe of the unscaled mountain heights have been set down by him not only truthfully, but with potent feeling and imagination.

Remington is not merely an artist; he is a national treasure. And if ever it should occur to the not always discerning minds of academic institutions that Remington should be crowned at their hands, I should like to hear him receive his degree in these words: "Frederic Remington, Draughtsman, Historian, Poet."





THEODORE ROOSEVELT

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY GILBERT WHEAT









## MIXED UP

I am sorry that the passengers missed the whole enjoyment,  
For Shotgun Smith and me  
Our hands was that full of congenial employment,  
We never can forget that spree—  
Never can forget that mix-up on the mountain,  
Though the passengers—well, for tastes there's no accountin'.

They have got a tunnel now bored plumb through the mountain;  
'Twould make you cry to see  
Them Pullman cars—but for tastes there's no accountin',  
And Shotgun Smith and me  
Why it's never no more we get any enjoyment,  
Our hands are that empty of congenial employment.



Frederic P. ...

Copyright 1900 by Frederic P. ...





### THE LAST TOKEN

My horse is down with thirst, boys,  
The sun it rises higher;  
I wish they'd kill me first, boys,  
But they're building me a fire.



My heart it is not broken, boys,  
But my lips are sealed with flame;  
Therefore I leave this token, boys,  
To tell you I died game.



## ARTFUL DODGERS

Who says we never show our backs?

When we start in to expand.

You can sight us clear from the front or the rear,

*It depends on where you stand.*







## THE RED MAN'S LOAD

No more are sun and cloud his banners,  
The Stars and Stripes above him wave,  
And he hath drunk the White Man's Burden  
Deep as is the grave.







## THE COW PUNCHER

He rides the earth with hoofs of might,  
His is the song the eagle sings;  
Strong as the eagle's his delight,  
For like his rope, his heart hath wings.





## THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE

Oh Life, you're sure a tortoise,  
And Science you're a hare;  
Yet if I can have the tortoise  
For Science I'll not care:—  
He passed us by at the top of the grade,



But we picked him up at the bottom of the grade,  
We picked up the pieces and we sat 'em in the shade,  
With a punctured tire and a split shoulder-blade—  
And if I can have the tortoise  
The world can keep the hare!





## THE PARLEY

Beyond there, in the trees, say can you see

If the Dark Angel walks? Or does this night

Primeval shroud another mystery—

The gulf eternal 'twixt red man and white?



Frederick Remond



## THE PINTO

At Guaymas I born in this various world,

But I spik Ingless, as ustedes see;

I was nice children's hoss, my mane was curled;

Then for ten dollar' one day they sell me.

Then I much travel, trade from hand to hand,

And learn much languages to understand.

How ole I am? Oh, my, no more don't know!

How much I cost? Three drinks las' time they pay.

What can I do? Why go, an' go, an' go,

Or stand, an' stand, an' stand the whole long day.

Oh no, señor, you mus' not be distress'!

A hoss gets used to several things, I guess.

What that you say? I lie? Not tell the truth?

I'm young an' strong, an' tryin' jus' to beg?

Gringo, get out! I bite you with my tooth,

Get out, ole fool! I kick you with my leg.

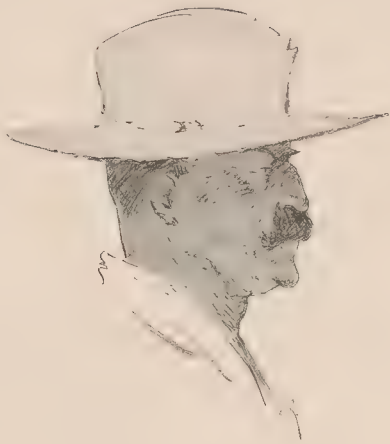
Say, Gringo, come an' see the Injuns race

The cowboys, come an' watch me take first place.



Photo by J. C. Smith

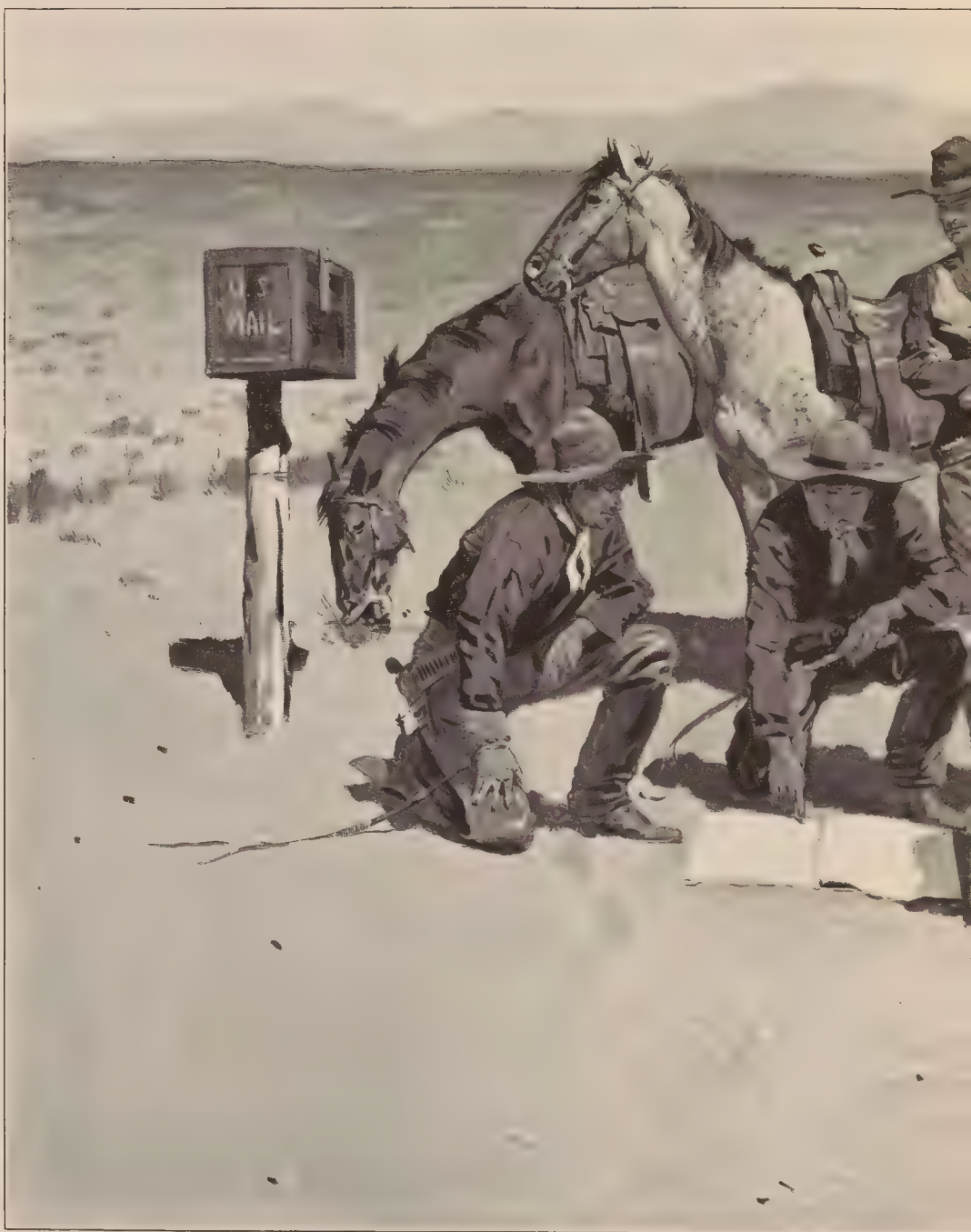




## THE QUEST

The war dance is on—they're loose again  
All along the Texas Drive,  
And the orders are out for Uncle Sam's men  
To bring 'em back dead or alive.  
So it's through the Sierra, boys dead injuns or bust!  
But oh! for the dust, the dust, the dust,  
And that alkali thirst in the morning.





LATEST NEWS



Pete was to school for a month onced,  
And Jim he stood it two years,  
And Uncle Vance never got no chance,  
But David, it appears,  
Went clear through Yale, so it's doughnuts to dollars  
This sheet gets read by us four scholars.



## THE ADVANCE



'Tis a hot old brand of country, but we have got to go it, sir,  
Whether we are poets or just everyday materialists,  
Makin' copy each new morning with our little mountain howitzer  
For 'Publicans and Dimmicrats and Boston anti-imperialists.





### THE LAST SHOT

Oh yes, his feat is a triumph,  
We all have done the same,  
We all have blasted the spark of life  
To ashes with powder-flame.





But as for the antlered carcase,  
I should feel, if I were he,  
The Kodak after the Winchester adds  
Insult to injury.





## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Thar weren't no laughin' goin' on in the house  
When Singing Joe played for the boys;  
The barkcep and punchers kept still as a mouse,  
The greaser mule-boys quit their jabber'n' noise.  
His voice sounded cracked, the panner weren't right,  
But nobody had no fault to find;  
The tune was "Home, Sweet Home" 'twas Christmas  
night,  
And poor old Singing Joe was blind.



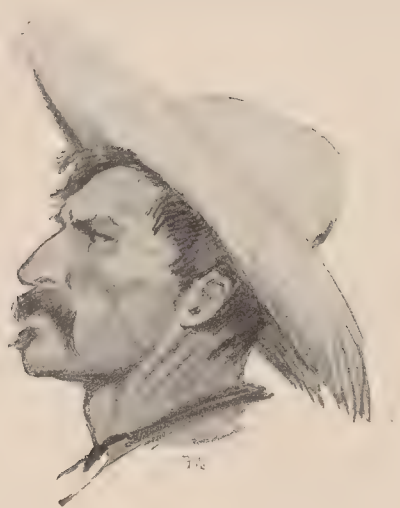


## THE ROUND-UP

Herd along your cattle, boys,  
Drive 'em to the plain!  
Time to brand the yearlings  
And ship 'em on the train!  
We'll get our pay when the round up is done,  
And then we'll break loose and have some fun.







## HIS OWN MOUNT

Portrait of an officer and gentleman, of course ;  
All officers are gentlemen but I will take the horse.





Frederic Remington

OO-YAH!



There's wolves around in Wintertime,  
But we keep them from the door;  
For the wolves run a mile when they hear us smile,  
And the hittin' of our heels on the floor  
*Oo-yah!*  
And our heels a-hittin' sweetly on the floor.





## FACTS OR FICTION?

Feed him with silence and strict belief,

Give the boy his right food and never a gibe;

For he lies when he tries, and he'll grow a great chief,

With his stories as glories for all in our tribe.





## BIG MEDICINE

They found him and they bound him—  
They would have killed him, too—  
Hadn't Trooper Strong come riding along,  
Whose Big Medicine pulled them through.

"He's playing the crazy loon, sir,  
And I'm the medicine man—  
But if you send help, send soon, sir,  
And ride as fast as you can!"







## NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Oh, whether it's the Yellowstone, or whether it's the ocean,  
Our methods are the methods that proceed without commotion,

If you want our photograph

We'll endeavor not to laugh,

But what you see worth mentioning we haven't got a notion.





## MEXICAN MONTE

We take life easy with a will,  
Do I and my young foreman, Bill;  
Daily we find at every hand  
Agreeable methods to expand.





With redskin maidens we romance,  
We play their brothers games of chance;  
For by this means, as can be shown,  
Much that was theirs becomes our own.





## LIVE AND LET DIE!

The pit is come from underground,  
Satan himself is out of breath;  
He links the marksman to his mark  
With the hyphen-flash of death.





## CAUGHT IN

THE LAST STAND OF THREE TROOPERS AND A SC

DRAWN BY FRED



## THE CIRCLE

OUT OVERTAKEN BY A BAND OF HOSTILE INDIANS

ERIC REMINGTON





## THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Why came you here to trail your fly  
Before my over-credulous eye?  
Why came you here my spell to break,  
And crack the mirror of my lake?

—Why that's what this whole world's about, therein resides the sport of it:  
I am a man and you're a trout, and that's the long and short of it.

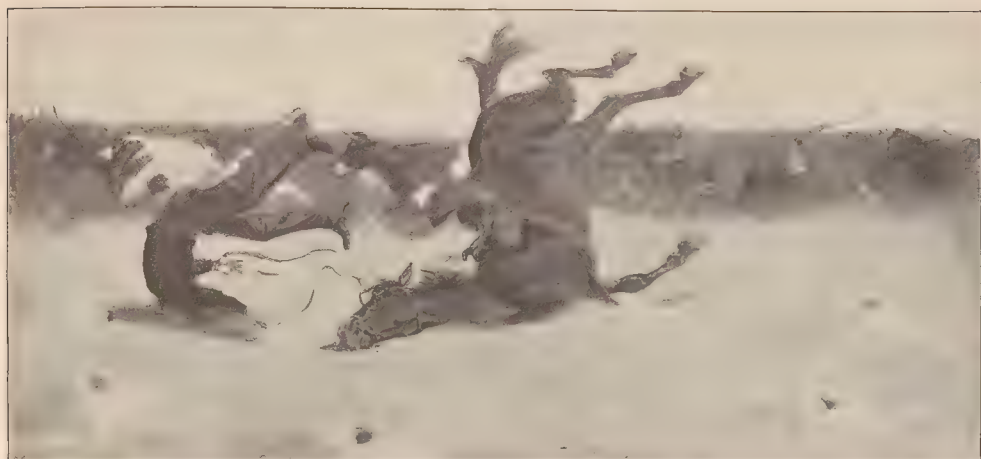


Frederick Ken. Astor

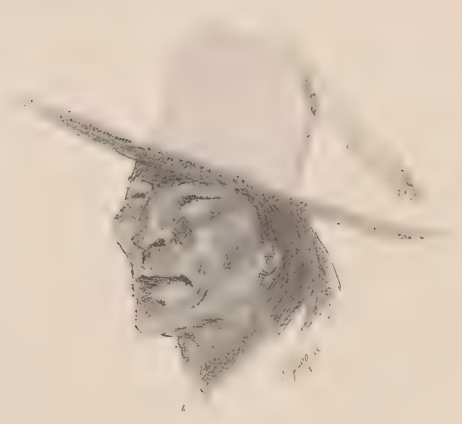


## A LITTLE SUMMER SAULT

In Cattle Land, in Gopher Land,  
A pony he may stumble,  
And maybe his young rider gets  
His neck broke in the tumble:  
And that's right, too, you must understand,  
For it's all in the game in Cattle Land.







## NO UNDERSTAND

Oh come you as friend or foe,  
Oh come you to war or to woo,  
I'm a student from Boston your language is lost on,  
What is it you'd have me to do?  
My trade is to follow the skies,  
And one telescope is my plant;  
I interpret the stars from Venus to Mars,  
But translate your suggestions I can't.





### A SURE SIGN

One or two of our packs they had sore backs,  
But say! it was nothing much to mention;  
We was travelling fast, and going to last,  
When say! the old lead-mare stood attention.



So we dry-camped there, plumb up in the air;  
For, say! it is time for consultation  
When the old hoss appears to prick up her ears  
And Injuns has skipped from the reservation.





## GENTLEMEN IN KIHAKI

"One man is down—they are getting the range, men.

Deploy! And shoot as you ride.

Aim for the crest! 'Twould be passing strange, men,

If all of our shots went wide.

Now charge! For death or for glory!"

If you want the rest of the story,

Read this cable report:

*"Two hundred men, shot*

*Thirteen officers dead."*

THE  
WARRIORS  
OF  
THE  
SOUTH  
SEA  
ISLANDS





## SHEEP RANCHING

It's none too sociable herdin' sheep  
Ten thousand feet up in the air,  
With yelping coyotes spoilin' your sleep,  
Or Injans on a tear  
An' notnin' for company or for fun  
But a collic, a pony and a gun.







## THE CAYUSE

If you must be a pony, oh be a smooth cayuse,  
A smooth bald-faced cayuse, both cunning and deep,  
Tougher than tripe, more deceiving than woman,  
With one light-blue eye that does not go to sleep.

Observe, oh my reader, observe the smooth cayuse,  
How he smiles while he's feigning to lean on the bit,  
How he dumps the whole job on his serious brothers,  
And tries to look useful and not have a fit.

Oh yes, yes indeed, life is brimful of pleasure,  
If you are a cayuse both knowing and fly;  
But should there perchance be a next world for ponies,  
My baldy will not win that sweet by and by.









By the sands of Rio Bravo,  
Races with the law they ran,  
Through Chihuahua to Sonora,  
Down the trail to Mazatlan.

But the law rode fast and caught them,  
Booty, burro, horse, and man;  
Pepe, Luis, Coyotito,  
Ended not as they began

## THE SMUGGLERS





## READY? GO!

I nothing know of horses, but intend  
To put my money  
Upon yon lovely darky next that end,  
He is a honey!





## A T L A S T

Three years he fooled us, smooth and slick,  
From Spittin' Cat to Dewlap Creek;  
Both sides the river he would spree,  
From Dutchy's to Bar-Circle-Zee.  
We chased him most to break our backs,



And found just nothin' save his tracks.  
Up, down, acrost, he ate his fill  
O' steers and heifers, too, until  
Down by Dinwiddie's cañon rim  
We handed our respects to him.





## ON OKANOGAN'S BANKS

Of old, when Okanogan ran  
Good medicine for horse and man,  
The wingèd shaft was wont to fly  
In peace or war beneath the sky.  
Gone is the arrow, and instead  
The message of the white man's lead,  
The poison of the white man's drink—  
These lessons by the river-brink  
Are learned, where Okanogan ran  
Good medicine for horse and man.





## THE CALL TO DEATH

Thou woodland denizen, bide in thy trees,  
Heed not the call of yon fallacious breath!  
Wait till thy truest friend, the blowing breeze,  
Shall tell thy nostrils of this prowling death.







## THEIR FATE

Their father in a White House lives,

And in a white house they ;

But the father with to-morrow rides,

And the son with yesterday.

So what can they do, these wards of the nation,

When White Brother moves on their reservation?

They can fold their white house like a shroud,

Fold it, and fade away.



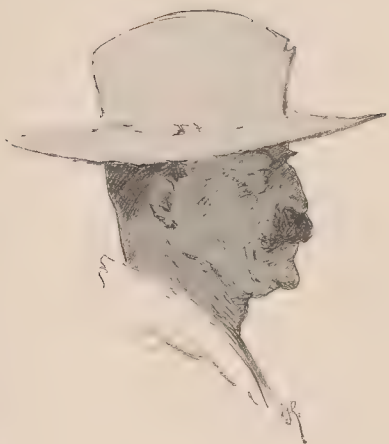




Sheriff, this puts the finish to my tether,  
The money's yours, and I go on the shelf;  
But say, you had to deputize the weather  
To show the trail you could not find yourself.

**“\$5,000 REWARD, DEAD OR ALIVE!”**





## "FORWARD, MARCH!"

The bugle blew: "Battery, advance!"

The bullets sang overhead:

*To the front who would join in the dance -*

*To the rear with the wounded and dead!*

And what said the men as they marched to the fight?

"*There's no hot time,*" sang they, "*in the old town to-night.*"





## BUENOS NOCES

All's well in the calle,  
Pace the stones slow, boy!  
*Luz de mi alma,*  
Singeth the dough boy.  
Lullaby, lullaby,  
*Flor de Habana,*  
Go to bed presently;—  
*Hasta Mañana.*



Frederic Remond, 1894  
H.W. 1.00





## THE ROOKY

Nature alone shall vainly try,  
Unhelped, to make such men as I:  
For in my raw-begotten stuff  
I'm shiftless, dangerous, and tough.  
My right to live cannot begin  
Till I am shaped by discipline;—  
And then, oh then, such stuff as I  
Of burns heroic, ere it die.





HEROES

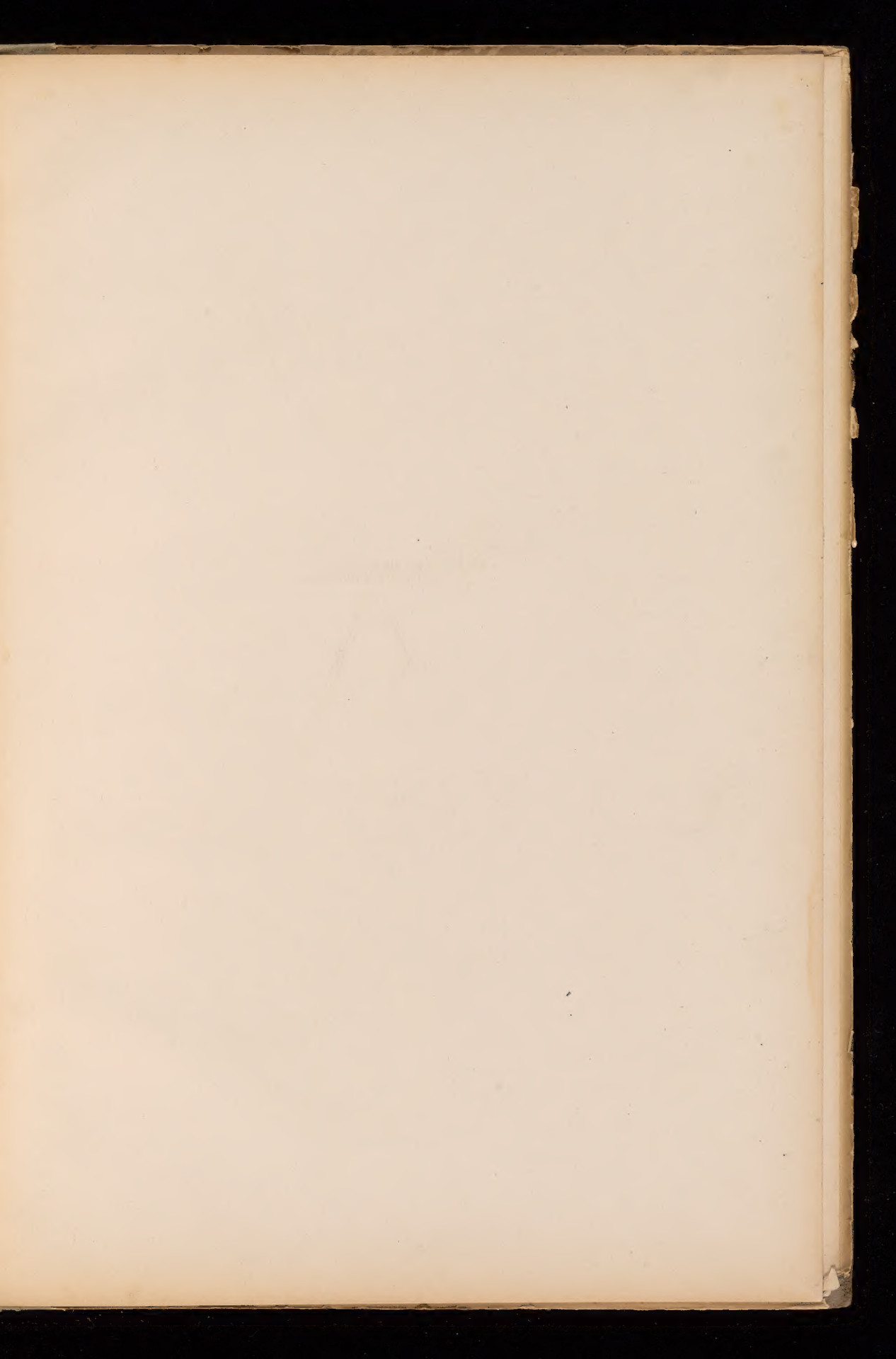


What climbed ye up the hills to see?  
Why climbed ye from the flat?  
A glorious sight on the mountain height—  
Two heroes, and a cat.





Just look at me and you will see  
Why for a tail-piece Remington chose me.



85-B214

